# CADBURY means Quality

**APRIL 25** 1945 Vol. CCVIII No. 5440 For conditions of sale and supply of Punch see bottom of last page of text

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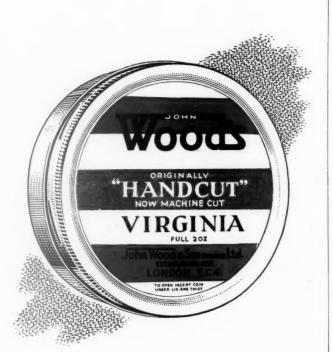
Put your best face forward...



Pat it on firmly, this fragrant, mist-fine Yardley Powder. How perfectly true to your natural skin-tone it is, how delicate the look of loveliness it gives!

Rose Rachel, Deep Rachel, English Peach, Deep Peach, Cameo, 4/-





# Background can make or mar a snap

Never let background details 'steal the picture' as in the diagram. Choose a background that is simple and either much lighter or much darker than your subject. For portraits, sky makes an ideal background.

When you have no choice and must make the best of a poor background, take

care about what is directly behind your subject -snaps are so easily spoilt if, for example, things apparently grow out of peoples' heads.

By the way-Moving the camera, even slightly,

while you press the shutter prevents the picture from being sharp. Learn to 'click' with a slow pressure of the thumb or finger only—movement of wrist or forearm tends to jog the camera. It is best to stand with feet apart, camera in both hands, and elbows tucked firmly to your sides.

'Kodak' Film is scarce because of war needs, so



Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, W.C.2





Miss Prunella Prissom who is one of nature's aunties, has achieved miracles of table discipline with her two evacuees. But, praised in this connection, she twitters: "Fiddlesticks! I simply give 'em Pan Yan when they behave and when they don't, I don't."

Oh, unerring judgment of womankind!

# Pan Yan

Spicy-sweet pickle that makes plain fare tasty and fine fare a feast.

MACONOCHIE BROS. LIMITED LONDON



gleaming with polish, knows—unless she uses Furmoto the NON-SLIP Floor Cream—that a notice "Step Warily" ought, for safety's sake, to be exhibited.

Furmoto is different. It gives all floors a finely-polished, hard, treadproof, dirt-resisting surface, and is ABSOLUTELY NON-SLIP—an exclusive Furmoto feature.

Each tin carries

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# Furmoto non-slip

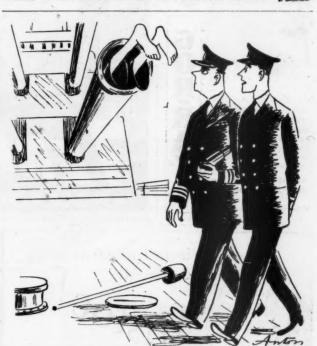
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THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THEOUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



and at Saxone they measure both feet

We measure both your feet three different ways for Saxone Footprint Fittings — a worth-while habit, as you'll find to your lasting comfort.

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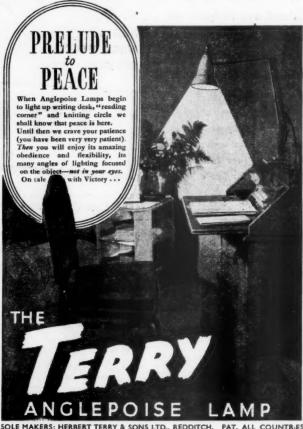
40 STRAND, II CHEAPSIDE, ETC., LONDON . SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

# ROSSS

GINGER ALE SODA WATER TONIC WATER LIME JUICE CORDIAL LEMONADE GRAPE FRUIT

Will return in sparkling form







And now-from war to peace, but men's choice of collar still remains-

# VAN HEUSEN

Amidst all the discomforts of Service life, men clung to one real luxury—the "Van Heusen" non-shrintable collar. Now when they come back to Civvy Street, they still insist on the collar of perfect style and comfort. Coupons, too, are a question which makes their choice indubitably "Van Heusen"!

SEMI-STIFF COLLARS Sole Manufacturers . . . Harding, Tilton & Hartley, Ltd., Taunton, Somerset.





Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

NE GAUGE FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS



ROLLS RAZOR LTD., LONDON, N.W.2



Here's hoping for quite a number of things, including fewer restrictions and more Old Angus—one of life's many amenities made scarce by war. A timely request for Old Angus is sometimes rewarded.

A NOBLE SCOTCH
— Gentle as a lamb

OLD ANGUS.



If building is to go forward at the speed which the nation demands, new ways of planning and of construction will be needed. Whatever may be the scope and shape of the building

BANISTER WALTON : 60

STRUCTURAL STEERWORK

programme, structural steel will have an important contribution to make.

London, Manchester & Birmingham

One of our war secrets

THE WORLD'S

FINEST INSULATOR

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Saving your peacetime

OLD HENTY TALKS TO TRANSPORT EXECUTIVES

WHEN normal transport conditions return we shall all have learnt something which will help us in our day-to-day business. Tyres were never given away and the more we know how to make them last the better. Even in peace-time, tyre failures can be an expensive business.

tyres now

There must be many occasions, when you wonder if all this tyre care and thought is really worth while. At such times it is worth remembering that your care and trouble are not only helping to make final victory easier for us all, but that you are also training yourself and your staff in peace-time economy. Taking care can become a habit. Your peace-time tyres will last longer because of what you have learnt and taught during war. So let's keep on with our tyre-saving. It's commonsense patriotism and in its way, an investment for the future.

ISSUED IN THE INTERESTS OF HENLEY TYRES
NATIONAL TYPE ECONOMY BY HENLEY'S TYRE AND RUBBER CO., LTD., SPRINGFIELD HOUSE, WESTCOTT, DORKING, SURREY



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THE ever-changing nature of the numerous tests, and the mixing or segregation of liquids in the chemist's, scientist's or manufacturer's laboratory demand the use of glassware of distinctive and proven qualities.

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In a word, PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware provides greater scope of operation in all branches of chemistry, and in the many realms of scientific research.

Ask for PYREX Brand and see that you get it!

# PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware

is made by



James A. Jobling & Company Ltd. Wear Glass Works, SUNDERLAND.



ATKINSONS Eau de Cologne retains all the subtle fragrance of the 15th century Continental original, because it has always been made from this traditional recipe, first used in England by Mr. James Atkinson in 1799. In 1940 manufacture ceased, but ladies who think of Atkinsons as only a fragrant memory, will be glad to know that Atkinsons extensive orange groves in Tunisia are being maintained in perfect condition; which means that as soon as restrictions are removed, we shall be able to start immediately to make this refreshing essence to revive their spirits and crystallise their charm once more.

ATKINSONS Eau de Cologne

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# Perpetual Motion

Scientifically it is said to be impossible to achieve perpetual motion but the movement of traffic over the railways comes very near it.



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# WHERE THERE'S NEED -

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# Living up to it!

As soon as the voluntary societies were allowed to go out to the Forces in France, Salvation Army Mobile Canteens landed on the Normandy beaches. The need was there— AND THERE WENT THE SALVATION ARMY.

Today The Salvation Army has 33 Mobile Canteens up with the troops and often under fire; 28 Leave Clubs and Hostels operating in France, Belgium and Holland, the latest additions to the 2,500 Salvation Army Clubs for Servicemen of the United Nations in all parts of the world.

Experienced Salvation Army Officers help with spiritual and personal problems as well as bringing a touch of home comfort where it is much needed.

Wise planning, trained personnel, consecrated service and the generous help of many well-wishers have achieved much. But the need is ever greater. Your gift will help to provide more Mobile Canteens, more Clubs. Please send it today to:—

GENERAL CARPENTER,

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THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

The finest car of its
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JAGUAR CARS LTD . COVENTRY
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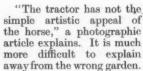
April 25 1945

## Charivaria

THE Nazis fled across the Elbe in double-decker buses. It helped them to feel twice as invincible.

A centenarian says he owes his longevity to eating meat. Vegetarians are making the most of it by pointing out that

the last few years of less meat must have helped.



A magazine recommends the conversion of cleaned

sardine-tins into egg poachers. Using dried eggs, one might then risk the extravagance of real water.

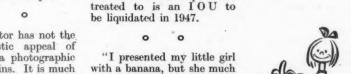
#### Social and Personal

"The Viceroy and Lady Wavell are staying at a well-known East End Hotel."—Indian paper.

Forged documents found in a captured German city were examined by Allied experts and declared to be genuine Ribbentrops.

Unrationed throat lozenges are. proving increasingly popular with children. It is a vicious circle. First they yell for pennies . . .

According to a news item Nazi scientists produced a gas several years ago which was capable of reducing entire communities to a state of coma. If the war had lasted long enough they would probably have used it on other countries as well.



lose their way even to Sweden.

the most we can hope to be

with a banana, but she much preferred her doll," says a correspondent. She soon found that she could undress a banana only once.

Bradford shopkeepers want 7 P.M. closing. This is the boldest attempt yet made to meet the early-morning queues half way.

Luftwaffe pilots on operational duties have had such a

short period of training in navigation that some of them

Whisky produced after this year's raising of the ban must remain in bond for three years. This suggests that

"Next World Crisis Approaching," runs a heading. A fairly sure sign that Hitler and Co. are well on the way there.

"I've been a teetotaller all my life but I am going to have a glass of beer on V-Day," says a correspondent.

Any feeling of exhilaration that

ensues will be entirely due to the fact that it is V-Day.

H'm

"After inspecting the bridges which have been established across the river Mr. Churchill went across in a landing-craft."—"Sheffield Telegraph."

London is a city of strange contrasts. In what other metropolis could be seen an American soldier acting as guide to a party of evacuated Civil Servants on





## Seeing Another House

ND then," said my daily paper, "let us all make up our minds that we will shout and sing the whole day long. And dance for joy as we go about our labours.'

I was about to do all these things as I left Marleigh Station, but I stopped with my mouth open and one foot in the air. My sock-suspenders had come down.

I don't know why it is that whenever I go to a place that is unfamiliar to me, instead of asking the nearest inhabitant for the house or shop that I want, I amble along the main street hoping to find them by chance.

When I had pulled away the old rags of pre-war cordage and tin from my ankles I must have wandered about Marleigh for nearly twenty minutes, looking at empty shop windows, before I found a hosier.

His name was Butterdew. I thought it incredible at the time, and I still find it hard to believe. One could not say that he "rejoiced" in his name, for it was hard to believe that he had ever been joyful about anything. He was a tall, lean man, with a sardonic smile and a habit of looking over and not at me when he made his utterances. But he made them very loud.

"Sock-suspenders!" he said. "No. I can give you some guaranteed by the makers not to work, because there's no elastic in war-time." And he slammed a green box on the counter.

"May I put them on here?" I asked.

"And welcome," he shouted at the wall above my head. "I didn't really come to Marleigh to buy sock-suspenders," I explained, as I wrestled with the loops of the harnessing. "I came to buy a house."

"House! You won't get any houses here."

pulled a piece of pink paper out of my pocket. It was full of a list of houses, for which the agent's admiration was like that of a love-sick girl. Mr. Butterdew snatched it from my hand.

"Hatterley Road!" he said with the utmost scorn. "At the bottom end, or near it? Do you know what those houses are like in the winter? The rain flows down the hill and fills the basements with water. And the damp runs right up to the roof."

I seemed to hear the gurgling cries of the residents in

Hatterley Road as they drowned, and I shuddered.
"What's more, they've none of them any windows, and not likely to have," went on Mr. Butterdew. "Do you know what I'd do with this bit of paper if I were you? I'd tear it in pieces, like that."

And he tore it in pieces.

I don't mind a man's saying what he would do if he were me, but I don't like him to do what he would do if he were me, without being me, if you understand what I mean. But the incident seemed to be closed.

"House!" cried Mr. Butterdew, who appeared to begin his speeches with exclamatory nouns. "If you want a all his speeches with exclamatory nouns. house you'd better go to my sister-in-law's sister. I don't like the woman, mark you. But she's in a house

that's for sale. It's a fine house, that is."

He directed me to the house of his sister-in-law's sister,

I went by a way of lilacs and apple-blossom, under a brilliant sky. Nature rejoiced and the birds were building their unprefabricated houses. My new sock-suspenders were paining me slightly under the knees.

It was indeed a fine house, in the early Victorian manner. The stucco needed repair, but there was a round gravel sweep and glimpses of a long garden behind. Mr. Butterdew's sister-in-law's sister opened the door.

I don't suppose there was ever such a contrast between a man's sister-in-law's sister and himself as there was between Mr. Butterdew's sister-in-law's sister and Mr. Butterdew.

She was about forty-five, plump, good-looking, and extremely affable. I told her briefly my tale. She received it in a way that I could never have imagined.

"Come in and sit down," she said.

For exactly an hour and a half, in an uninterruptable monologue, Mr. Butterdew's sister-in-law's sister told me, without bitterness or anger, the story of her own sad life.

She had kept a lodging-house and her husband, who never worked, had run away with a lady-lodger and all the money he could steal. The financial and commercial details were immensely complicated, and my head reeled as I listened to them. When, after several years, she met her husband again by accident, she said "Hullo, Tom," and he replied, "Is that all you have to say to me after all this time?" and he told her that he wanted to make it up again.

"Sauce," commented Mr. Butterdew's sister-in-law's

sister.
"Then I was blitzed," she went on, "and then I was blitzed again, and then I was requisitioned into here. Can I make you a cup of tea?"

As this was the first pause in her Odyssey I said I would rather look at the house, if she didn't mind.

"No trouble at all," she said.

We crossed the hall and she opened the door of what I supposed to be the drawing-room. An elderly man was sitting in an arm-chair, reading a newspaper. He had a bandage on his head.

"That's Mr. Green," said Mr. Butterdew's sister-in-law's sister. "We was buried together."

I suppose I looked surprised. The best part of an hour," she explained, "under my last house, before they got me away. So I brought him along here.'

We went upstairs, and I admired the view of the garden. "I do that myself," she said, "between cooking and shopping, and one thing and another. This is the bath-

The door did not open when she turned the handle.

There were sounds of splashing inside.
"Is that you Ireen?" she called through the keyhole. "Time you was out of here."

I said hastily that I would take the bathroom on trust. "I'll show you the kitchen," she said.

As we went downstairs a bouncing girl brushed past us.

"Hullo, mother!" she cried: "They mostly call me that," said Mr. Butterdew's

sister-in-law's sister. The kitchen was full of folk. They all scowled at me,

but they all smiled at her. I liked the bits of the kitchen that I could see.

"I suppose this house really is for sale?" I asked. "Oh, it's for sale, all right. But you see how it is. was requisitioned into here, and I can't be requisitioned out of it till they requisition me into somewhere else that's

I looked at my watch and said I must really go. I went back through the lilacs and apple-blossom to Marleigh High



THE PRICE OF FLAGS

"Whatever I pay, it will have cost me more than anything I have ever bought before."



. . . and it might interest you to know that Mr. Churchill is of my opinion."

Street. Mr. Butterdew was standing outside his shop

"House!" he bellowed, looking hard at the top of the town hall. "Did you like it?"

"Very much," I said. "Is there an hotel along here?" "Hotel! There's the Grand. It's a very good hotel, but for the hole in the roof and no front door and one side being blown out.

He was not, as I said, a joyous man, but his voice sounded almost hearty as he said these words.

At the station I found that there would be a train for Victoria in three quarters of an hour.

Two courses seemed open to me. I could either go to the house-agent, or I could shout, sing or dance up and down the platform until my train came in. I chose a third. I sat down on a station seat, eased the strain of my socksuspenders, and fell into a doze. I don't think I shall ever go to Marleigh again.

#### First Things First

"R.A.F. pilot urgently seeks Unfurnished House, Flat; wife, baby."—Advt. in "West Kirby Advertiser."

"Mr. R. Sorensen (Labour): Does not the present interrogation of the Atlantic Charter make the singing of it sheer hum-burg? "Mr. Law: No."—Indian paper.

Hear, hear!

#### The Rue Puits d'Amour

HERE'S the Rue Pot d'Etain and the Rue Puits d'Amour, And the Rue des Vieillards and the Rue de la Lampe-

And the long cobbled hill of the Rue de la Tour Notre Dame, and the street we called Rue de la Rampe,

And the Colonne renowned for that horrible murder, Near the Route de Calais where you once used to play. A woman was throttled and nobody heard her When fly-by-nights hustled the body away.

There's the Place Saint-Michel with the sad fair below Where the brass blared the "Skaters' Waltz" over and over, And the seat by the railway where we used to go To watch the trains clanking and dreaming of Dover.

And the sinister café beside the Liane So sleepy by day and so wakeful by night And, filling the glasses, the girl Eliane With whom the concierge had that shattering fight.

When the Rue des Vieillards is the one to remain Long after the Rue Puits d'Amour has run dry, God grant we may still climb Saint-Pierre in the rain To sit in the Chapelle des Marins and die.

# The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

X-Pastures New

IPSIE'S Indian tour started in the most dramatic manner, as things have a way of doing in her vivid and colourful life, I have noticed. She had scarcely reached India's shores when a message arrived from the all-powerful Rajah of Badsore, begging her to accept the use of his motor throughout her visit. It was in the early days of motoring when cars were very liable to break down, so the vehicle was accompanied by a huge royal elephant, richly caparisoned and bearing a jewelled howdah, who lumbered behind the car at the then daring pace of fifteen miles an hour. It was a wise precaution. For in going up a steep incline the car suddenly jibbed—then to the horror of the accompanying train of servants, commenced to run back right into the elephant's hairy chest! Mipsie was quite unperturbed. "An elephant's chest is a welcome change after my husband," she records in the journal which she kept throughout the tour. A moment later she felt herself being reverently lifted up by the noble beast and deposited in the howdah, none the worse except for the loss of her motor veil, which he ate. "Evidently," she adds, "an elephant never forgets the British aristocracy.

The Rajah's A.D.C. apologized humbly for the veil's disappearance and promised that his royal master would present her with another. So touched was Mipsie by this that she immediately descended and offered the elephant her gloves and dustcoat. All three articles were subsequently replaced—and the best that money could buy, of course—by His Highness.

Soon she arrived at the fabulous saffron palace, which is now well known to tourists. Tier upon tier of bright yellow marble turrets towered high above the town of Badsore, while all the rugs, furniture and curtains were of the same tint, which is the royal colour and therefore cultivated by tradition to such an extent that the women in the zenana all wear yellow saris and tint their eyelids with saffron. There was a story that an English girl, staying in the neighbourhood, was The once stricken with jaundice. Rajah happened to see her, had her kidnapped and-so great was his admiration-even contemplated marrying her. Time passed, however, and the girl recovered. The Rajah, in disgust, had her thrown off a 500 ft. parapet to some starving jackals, after which unhappy incident I believe she died.

Unfortunately, at the time of Mipsie's visit, the Rajah was in failing health from saffron poisoning, so my sister was only able to see him once. He had been a man of vast appetite, but was on a diet of not more than eight chickens and one peahen a day. As he ate the yellow flesh-for they were of course cooked in saffron-Mipsie was fascinated to see him throw the bones over his shoulder out of a window. On asking H.H. the reason for this he told her that his people waited below for anything he had touched, which was considered sacred. Fearing that she might suffer the same fate, Mipsie quickly said "I should be honoured if your Highness would also present me with a keepsake." answer the Rajah held out his hand. "Take this," he said. "Men have died to gain it"—and he handed her a peahen's eye. Only Mipsie's ready wit saved her from having to accept the unpleasant object. "I regret, your Highness," she said, "that my religion forbids me any parts of peahens.' The Rajah respected her code and presented her with a magnificent yellow emerald instead.

Mipsie went on to stay-in great contrast to the Rajah of Badsorewith the gentle and cultured Maharaj Rana of Singit Bunji, who, born of a warrior race in which every prince of the blood had, on attaining his fifteenth birthday, to prove his merit by killing fifty tigers, fifty leopards and either one hundred sambur or two hundred natives, revolted against this butchery, became a Christian and a vegetarian, and joined the R.S.P.C.A. Subsequently he made a law in his province that no one should take life. This had its disadvantages as of course even vermin was preserved and the fleas wore gold collars and were encouraged to enjoy a good meal from high and low alike. The Maharaj Rana achieved wonders in the taming of beasts of prey and he invited Mipsie to go and see his favourite tigress, whom he was slowly converting to vegetarianism by placing near her lair exquisite silver dishes containing complicated curries, cream and spiced cakes, etc. The only thing that caused the animal to revert to type was, apparently, the sight of

another tigress or other creature of

Unfortunately the experiment proved a failure that time, as for some unaccountable reason the moment the tigress set eyes on Mipsie she began to snarl and roar, and so had to be driven away by the servants, leaving untouched a beautiful omelette aux fines herbes and a pêche Melba.

Space forbids that I should describe the whole of Mipsie's Indian tour. There was the wonderful aviary palace of Hotgong, filled with birds of every species and hue, including the sacred parrots which were trained to screech every time the Nawab of Hotgong approached. Mipsie said they made a fearful clamour, especially during the night. Then there was the Rajah of Ahgotodabad, with whom she stayed longest, whose fairy-tale jewels extended even to the furniture. Mipsie had a vast bath mat, she says-too big to go into her trunk (she tried)encrusted round the border with precious stones of the first grade. On another occasion there was an amusing episode when her host had a visitor of equal rank staying with him, and as a matter of etiquette it was impossible to decide with whom an English duchess should go in to dinner. Mipsie solved it by sitting on the shoulders of one with her hands clasping the aigrette on the other's turban (the aigrette came off in her hands!). A very neat solution, I think.

Eventually her tour came to an end. "I am the gainer by some wonderful experiences," she wrote in her journal, "but still I feel that the world is an oyster which has not really yielded me up its pearl," and with that ideal in mind she decided to return to England via Arabia and Egypt, of which I shall write next week. M. D.

#### A Quick One at the Local

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"The Pig and Whistle, from 1st March will change its name but not its traditions to 'The Sacred Lake Hotel,' and its telegraphic address to 'Sacrifice,' Meru."—Advt. in African paper.

#### 0 0

#### Picturesque Detail

"The master race is crying 'qquqits,' cables another Reuter correspondent."

Evening paper.

#### At the Pictures

PLAY AND NOVEL
In its transition from the stage to

the screen, NOEL COWARD'S Blithe Spirit (Director: DAVID LEAN), the story about the man plagued by the ghost of his wife, ran into mechanical problems which nobody seems to have troubled very much about. In a purely mechanical sense it is not thought out at all. Thus sometimes the ghost is a simple phantom, and can be walked through when it is sitting on the stairs; but at other times, when the story demands, it is solid enough to lift vases of flowers, throw things about, and tinker with the insides of a car. This incon-

sistency was of course present

in the play, but the film (we remember The Invisible Man and Topper) seems to focus one's attention on it. Again, you may take the fact that in the same scene you are switched quite arbitrarily from the viewpoint of the husband, who can

see the ghost, to that of someone else, who can't—you may take this either as a deliberate effect or as evidence of a refusal to bother.

Well, perhaps it is foolish to make so much fuss about the details of a piece that is essentially a jokeand a stage joke (it is all saturated with stage atmosphere, and nowhere more so than in the loud roomto - room duologue with which it begins). This is pure escapism; it begins with the phrase "Once upon a time"; it is about people who are completely uninterested in the news even when it is big enough to be announced in a headline on the "ear" of the front page of The Times. It gets its effects with light, malicious backchat and one real character, or caricature-Madame

Arcati, played with great gusto and to our enormous enjoyment by MARGARET RUTHERFORD.

Why is it in Technicolor? Presumably for the sake of the green aura round the ghost—another stage effect, quite unnecessary for the films, which usually prefer to suggest a ghost by

more efficient means. But it oddly helps to emphasize the unreal, onceupon - a - time atmosphere; besides making the whole thing brighter to look at. The real brightness here nevertheless comes from the dialogue.



Mme. Arcati . . . . . . . MARGARET RUTHERFORD

This is a thoroughly entertaining film.

I have written before about the obviousness of the "novel" quality in certain pictures, the quality that tells



[A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Francie . . . . . . . . . Peggy Ann Garner Johnny Nolan . . . . . . James Dunn

you there is a novel in the background even if you had never heard of it. This quality, compounded of the nature of the incidents, the number of characters, the emphasis—and the kind of emphasis—on one (which usually tells you the sex of the author) and other atmospheric sundries, is notably present in A Tree Grows In Brooklyn (Director: Elia Kazan). This account of the life of a poor family in Brooklyn thirty or more years ago is remarkable chiefly for the playing, particularly that of the child Peggy Ann Garner, and the

Peggy Ann Garner, and the exceedingly skilful management of the noisy family scenes, with their counterpoint of dialogue and action. Most of the characters are nothing out of the way: the wastrel dreamy father, the hard-working determined mother—you know many of them by heart, but they are well played. There is plenty of laughter too. This is the sort of "warm," "human," very sentimental picture I am temperamentally unfitted to approve of in it.

This fortnight, the film that has given me most real pleasure is Farewell, My Lovely (Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK). To be sure this is another of those tough murder stories about a hard-drinking, hard-hit, hard-boiled detective and two or more beautiful dames, the

sort of thing that is steadily and constantly produced in print on the Dashiell Hammett model right down through the American pulp magazines to our own even more questionable fodder for the side-street book-stall. But RAYMOND CHANDLER, whose story this is, is on the Hammett level, and the film is admirably made and offers all kinds of satisfaction. It is unusual in reproducing the first-person narrative (nearly all these books are written in the first person): the story is told in flashback, which enables some of the flowery melodramatic phrases characteristic of this kind of writing to be used in passages of linking commentary. (One wonders what the policemen to whom they are supposed to be spoken thought of them.) The story has to do

with a jade necklace and a number of murders, and I didn't even try to grasp its convolutions; because when a film of this kind is well-made and full of brilliant camera-work, brisk incident, and first-rate amusing dialogue, the details of the plot are merely distracting. I enjoyed this.

R. M.

## Our Open Forum

XV-The Truth About Exports

This striking contribution to our analysis of the problems of reconstruction is the work of Professor Clinton Prowley, the distinguished civil servant. He is the author of several books—some illustrated. He lives quietly at his home in Barnham (Hants) which has been so exquisitely depicted in his treatise "Costing Methods in the Pig-iron Industry." Professor Prowley is sixty-three, an admirer of Priestley and very, very staunch.

HENEVER I see letters in the newspapers urging the British manufacturer to become export-minded I think of my friend Cardoby, who had a small hollow-ware business in Dudley and seven children. He was easily the most export-minded man I ever knew.

During his early years he had led a strangely sheltered existence—completely shielded from the harsh facts of life. He was seventeen before he even heard of an adverse balance of trade. The news of Britain's deficit came as a profound shock to him, burned its way into his mental make-up and became the mainspring of a long and energetic career.

It was always rather disturbing to be in Cardoby's company. He would break off suddenly in the middle of a conversation, fix his eye on some article or other and ring for his man Provector.

"By heavens," he would say, "that's a lovely job. Wrap it up, Brewster, and export it."

Liverpool stevedores will not easily forget the commotion in the 'twenties when they were instructed to load two thousand seven hundred and fifteen empty packing-cases labelled "Invisible Exports" on to the s.s. Murchison. Cardoby's intentions were good, no doubt, but he had to submit to a campaign of ridicule launched by an indignant Press. He countered, cleverly, by announcing that the whole idea was propagandist—that it was obviously someone's duty to warn the nation of its peril.

My friends, Cardoby's story—and I will spare you the subsequent details—should be regarded as a message for our times. In the past we British have gone about the task of exporting as though it were merely the business of selling goods overseas. We have neglected, shamefully neglected, the scientific aspects of marketing. A comparative analysis of the salesman-

ship of Britain, America, Germany and Japan will prove my point.

The American salesman starts by saying "Look, Bud—I'm not selling you anything." Then he slaps the client violently on the back, delivers a highly-coloured address on the virtues of his wares and produces an order form already filled in and signed. Within an hour the client has received the "premium" gifts which accompany all sales.

The German salesman bows in oldworld courtesy and gives the current salute. Then he makes a short speech, loaded with statistics, on the might of the Fatherland—mentioning Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Goethe, Albrecht Dürer and of course Krupp. He exhibits his sabre-wounds, recounts the details of his many victorious duels and presents his order form.

The Japanese salesman is faultlessly dressed in a Bond Street cut-away. His name is Smith and he comes from the Birmingham suburb of Tokyo. Before opening the negotiations he places a curved sword on the table and intimates that he will commit harakiri if his mission fails. He apologizes in advance for any mess he may make on the carpet. Then he produces a wide range of goods marked "British Throughout" and guarantees that they are made by sweated labour. He points out, further, that close inspection of the goods will reveal minute

sweat-stains. Finally, he delivers an order form watermarked "Thread-needle Street," places the pointed end of the sword to his stomach and hands his client a pen.

The English salesman apologizes immediately for being two weeks late. He has had, he says, rather a disappointing time in neighbouring towns. He is silent for a spell. Then he suggests a drink. After a heavy and silent meal and a number of drinks the English salesman and his client bid each other adieu. A fortnight later the client sends a wire to the Englishman:

"ANYTHING TO SELL? YOU DIDN'T SAY."

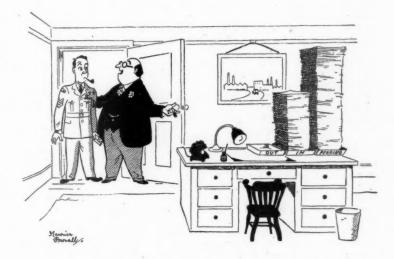
And the Englishman answers: "SAME OLD STUFF. WHY? LIKE SOME?"

The client wires back:

"WHY NOT?"

And the Englishman replies:
"RIGHTO—BE ROUND AGAIN END OF
CRICKET SEASON."

Anyone can see immediately which of these selling methods is most likely to produce sound results, but we must not rest on our oars. Market research is in the air. Let us try to find out why our customers prefer our goods. Let us be ruthless, pushing and high-pressured. Lord Woolton has told us to go out into the world like the Merchant Venturers of Elizabethan days. My friends—let's go. Hod.



"As you see, Peabody, your old job is still waiting for you."



"The Spam is very good to-day, sir."

# Deaf Man

Y doctor said "Give up drink and your hearing will be better";
So I did, and it was! I obeyed his instructions to the letter.

But after a while I found myself thinking

That the stuff I heard was much less interesting than what I had been accustomed to drinking,

So I backslid and then bought a black box with wires and clips and spiracles

Which was guaranteed, to the deaf, to work miracles. But it did not!

It produced volumes of disagreeable noise such as screaming gear-boxes, rattling typists and the chattering of every casual idiot,

Which blotted out the pleasant noises of life such as bees, birds, pretty girls' giggles and the friendly remarks of cronies—

I.e., "There's plenty more!" "Do let me send you a case!" or "Try this Havanaga—or one of these Damon Ballones!"

I used to wear it at Board meetings or even at a public dinner

And listen to them buzzing and wonder which buzzer would be the ultimate winner,

And if a fellow director or diner looked as if he would really say a lot,

I'd have to take it out and hook my hand over my ear and say "Oh yeah? Ah! What?"

Its only real virtue was that it somewhat kept down my bellow,

Also my friends' (it's no good to shout—it only annoys the other fellow).

In theatres it was awful, people would come in late and

tread all over my wife and mangle her

And later on would look at my Hearing Aid and say

"Excuse me, but what did Leslie Henson say to the
heroine just as he tried to strangle her?"

It was a great success with children, who loved me to make it squeak and bumble,

But useless with my clients who all wear moustaches and mumble,

So my advice to the deaf is to be philosophic and stick it: You don't really need to hear to enjoy fishing and books and sunsets and gardens—and watching village cricket.

0 0

## On Having Ridden a Horse

(The first article in this series, entitled "On Being About to Ride a Horse," appeared in the issue of this paper dated 18th April, 1945. It was widely acclaimed as the best essay under that title written during the week. The present article concludes the series, largely on account of the widespread shortage of horses.)

HERE is a palpable conspiracy, among those who have to do with horses, to exaggerate the intractability and ferocity of these creatures. A great deal of talk goes on about holding the horse. From the moment he is led out of his sleeping quarters the animal is not for a instant left unattended. He must be hitched, held or tethered, or in some other way cribb'd, cabined and confined, as if he were as wild as a cassowary. You would suppose, from the scolding that goes on if you let go the reins for a second, that the horse is constantly plotting to make a break for the open country.

There is in fact no evidence to support such a view. On the contrary, so long as he is in the neighbourhood of his stable, the horse's disinclination to move is most marked, and if you do get him into the open country his one idea is to get home. I should say that half the ill-temper among horses to-day is due to this constant hanging on to their bridles, reins, etc. A horse is quite as capable of standing about quietly on its own as a dog or a cat. Or isn't it? If not, it is high time it was.

Also biting. I was told I must do such and such or the horse might turn its head and nip me. I asked what reason the horse could have for doing such a thing, and nobody could tell me. I said, wasn't it possible to muzzle horses? The crowd of instructors, grooms, ostlers, etc., were dumb. I protested that I had come out to learn to

#### PUNCH COMFORTS FUND

THIS Fund, through the generosity of its subscribers, has provided vast quantities of comforts for the Fighting Forces, the Merchant Navy and for the Bombed. Comforts have also been supplied for the Forces of our Allies.

We feel that the time has now come to provide what comforts we can for the men, women and children of the liberated areas, and for the pitiful human beings released from concentration camps. Many appeals are being made to us to help relieve this terrible situation.

#### PLEASE HELP

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch, PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



ride, not to dodge about avoiding nips, and that if this particular horse had a strain of savagery in its make-up they had better lead out a more amenable creature straight away. They answered me never a word. At least, all they said was that I must learn to hold the reins properly while mounting.

I did so, and in the end I mounted. There are two things you notice straight away when you are in the saddle, The first is that it is further from the ground than you expected. Not that it matters, but you notice it. second is that your lifelong dislike for people on horseback changes to an instinctive contempt for anyone not so situated. I tried my best to get rid of this feeling. There is nothing clever or ennobling, I said to myself, about sitting up here like this. Nobody is likely to admire you for it. The people away down below there are just as good as you are; possibly even better. There they are, going quietly about their business, leading simple, honest, God-fearing lives, while you sit gripping uselessly with your knees and contributing absolutely nothing to the war effort. All this and more, I said to myself, but I didn't believe a word of it. The phrase "looks well on a horse" kept coming into my mind.

When I had got the reins sorted out we moved off, keeping at a walking pace through the village. I liked this. One can see oneself reflected in shop windows. The body waggles gently from the hips, the head is proudly held, the knees grip like anything. The numble villagers are amazed. The instructor, however, is less easily impressed. He tells me to keep my elbows in. He says my heels are not down. He refers in an uncomplimentary manner to the small of my back. I pass this information on to my horse, and to show the instructor that I am not so untutored as he appears to think, I lean forward and slap his neck twice. It is of course the horse's neck that I slap; the instructor's turn will come later.

I am told how to trot. I understand perfectly what to do, but it appears, when we try it out, that nobody has told the horse. The animal has no idea how to accommodate itself to my movements. I am a good deal shaken,

and certainly in no mood to appreciate the instructor's comments, which are as follows:

"Knees! Heels down! Elbows! Wrists loose! Don't lean forward."

He should address his criticisms to the proper quarter. Why doesn't he say "Hocks! Withers! Ears forward! Don't click your hooves together"? I cannot be bothered to keep my heels down. It is my lunch I am concentrating on.

While we are trotting, the phrase "looks well on a horse" does not come so frequently into my mind. In fact nothing comes into my mind at all; but a series of objurgations and grunts come out of my mouth. I have lost, I notice, that instinctive contempt for people on foot, with whom I am now anxious to be reunited.

"I can see daylight between your knees and the saddle," says my instructor.

What do I care? I can see daylight between the horse's ears but I doubt if the fact is worth recording. My sole interest is to get daylight between myself and the saddle and to keep it there all the time.

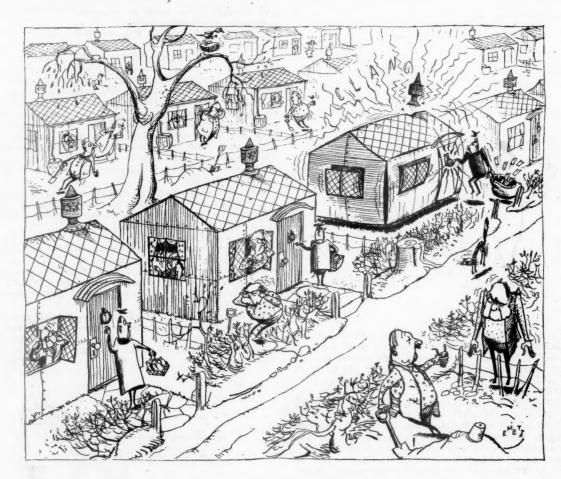
"Grip!" says my instructor.

If the horse would keep still for a moment I would grip it with pleasure. I would squeeze the life out of the creature, given the opportunity. But no man can grip and bounce at the same time. I try to point this out to the instructor, but all he says is "Elbows! You're all over the place."

The curious thing is that when we stop trotting and just walk again, a strong feeling of contempt for people not on horse-back comes over me. My head is proudly held, my body waggles gently from the hips, my knees grip like anything . . . H. F. E.



"Got me ticket? Does it look as though I've got me ruddy ticket?"



". . . and some say that one of the houses on this estate is made of steel."

# Lines Written in Dejection on Euston Station

HERE is that train? To what far distant bourn

Bears it that tenuous ensign of flown steam,

Through what fair cities, and by what green

vales

Vocal with birds and trembling to the spring?

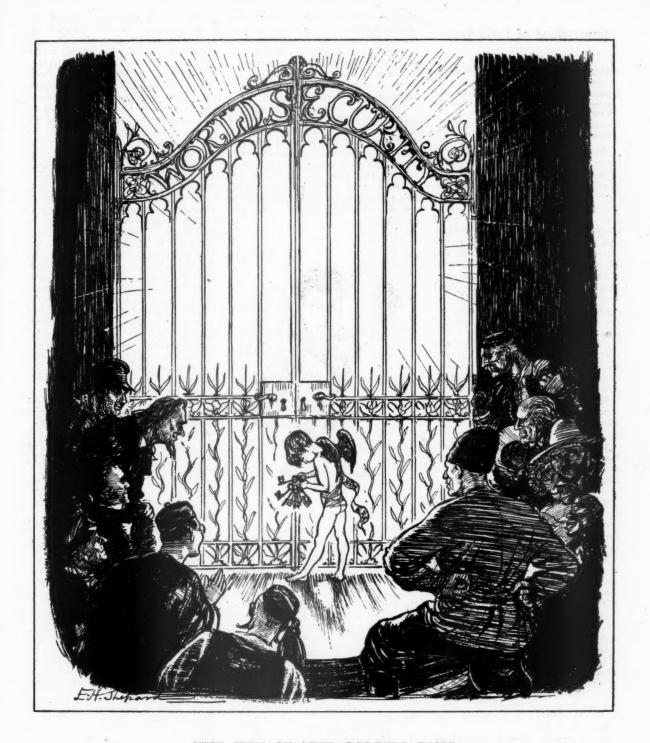
Where is that train? It has my hat in it.

O precious hat, used once to overarch
My ebon foliage, later skilled to nurse
The silvered honours of my riper pate:
How dear an age we two together spent!
Your youth was splendid, and your noble mien
Transfigured him that strode beneath your shade;
Friends would pass by me, and the approaching
dun

Misdoubted, and stood pensive in his track. But with long years your gaiety declined; Some gradual influence of your master's soul Imbued your stuff, and men beheld in you A hat forlorn, disconsolate, a hat Too deeply brooding on the tears in things. Who holds you now? I fear some museless boor That dreams you not to be a bardic hat, Nor hears the whispered melodies that breathe Across your brim; ah, he will scorn you quite, And keep you stored against a time of rain, Or give you grandly to his gardener.

Where is that train? But wherefore do I ask? I know it well: it is the 10.15;
Bletchley it seeks, Nuneaton it will touch,
And Rugby, and the inevitable Crewe,
Then creep to rest in watery Manchester.
And yet I know not, for it well may be
I had mistook it; but no matter now.
For this, alas! is all I know, and all
I care to know: it has my hat in it.

M. H. L.



THE KEY OF THE GOLDEN GATE

#### Impressions of Parliament

#### Business Done:

Tuesday, April 17th.—House of Commons: Tribute.

Wednesday, April 18th.—House of Commons: Requisitioned Land Bill in Committee.

Thursday, April 19th.—House of Commons: The Mixture as Before.

Tuesday, April 17th .- Mr. CHUR-CHILL paid noble tribute to a noble man, President Franklin Delano ROOSEVELT, whose death last Thursday had so shocked the world. The House was hushed and silent as the Prime Minister, at his most eloquent, spoke of the dead President and of his unwavering friendship for the cause of freedom and for Britain. He and the President had exchanged 1,700 messages, some of them very long ones, since the war began, and they had spent 120 days together in conference on vital matters concerning the waging of the fight against aggression.

"I," said Mr. Churchill, "felt the utmost confidence in his upright, inspiring character and a personal regard or affection, I must say, which it is beyond my power to express."

ROOSEVELT'S heart was always stirred to anger and to action by the spectacle of aggression and oppression by the strong against the weak.

His voice quivering with emotion, the Premier exclaimed: "What an enviable death was his! He had brought his country through the worst of its perils; victory was casting its steady beam upon his efforts. He was the greatest friend we have ever known, the greatest champion of freedom who ever brought help from the New World to the Old."

Gravely, Mr. Speaker put the motion of condolence, in the form of an address to The King, asking him to convey Parliament's grief to President TRUMAN. There was a gruff cry of "Aye!" Mr. Speaker ordered it to be recorded as having been carried nemine contradicente.

Less dignified, certainly less worthy of the best that is in Parliament, had been the incidents preceding this sincere tribute. Parliament, to be frank, did not show to advantage—yet there was something to be said for both sides. It was a strange and complicated affair.

Dr. Robert McIntyre, having been returned to Parliament by the Motherwell division, as a Scottish Nationalist, duly arrived at the Bar to take his seat. Mr. Speaker called on Members

desirous of taking their seats to come to the Table, and, up the centre of floor, with three correct and perfectly-executed bows, strode Dr. McInter. But Members gasped at his appearance, for he was alone, unaccompanied by the two sponsors custom decrees for all who are returned at by-elections.

Fixing the lone Member with a steady gaze, Mr. Speaker mentioned this custom which had persisted since 1688, and politely inquired whether the Member had failed to find sponsors. Dr. McIntre began to mumble a speech, but was cut short by the Speaker, who reminded him that, being unsworn, he could not make a speech and should simply answer the question.



McINTYRELY ALONE (The Hon. Member for Motherwell)

The Member replied to the effect that he had not failed to find sponsors but did not intend to have any, and was promptly ordered to retire beyond the Bar. Turning about with military precision, the Doctor went, while excited Members—who had the right of speech and clearly intended to exercise it—jumped up. They wanted the rule waived, so that the new Member could come in alone if that was the way he wanted to come. They were promptly told, amid cheers, that it was not for the Chair to break the rules.

So Mr. George Buchanan, one of the ablest Parliamentarians of them all, moved that the rule be suspended. The custom of requiring sponsors, said he, was outworn and unnecessary.

Mr. CHURCHILL, who had shown

every sign of impatience during the long argument, at once jumped up with the advice that the proposal should be resisted. Parliament should not too readily cast aside a traditionespecially at the behest of one whose whole political philosophy was based on respect for tradition. This shrewd thrust at the believer in a return to the separate Scottish Parliament of centuries ago, raised laughter. So did a comment by Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN that the Prime Minister was "flying in the face of every precedent." But this laughter was of another kind; Members were amused to note that, even on such an issue, Mr. Bevan's strong Churchillophobia had to creep in.

The House went to a division, in which the Government scored 273 votes to the 74 of the objectors. So Dr. McIntyre stayed "beyond the Bar," unable to speak or vote, but able to listen to the debates from a vastly more comfortable seat than any available to the public.

The subject of debate was the San Francisco Conference, and Mr. ATTLEE, who will be one of Britain's chief representatives at the Conference, opened the discussion with a clear and concise account of the aims of the talks and of the British Government's policy towards them.

Nothing particularly new emerged from the debate, but it was plain that much thoughtful attention is being given to the vital question of preventing another world war when, at long and weary last, this one is brought to a victorious end.

Mr. Churchill announced that, owing to the speedy march of events, he would postpone his statement on the war, planned for Thursday.

Wednesday, April 18th.—At the end of questions Mr. Speaker rose and asked once more, in his quiet way, that Members desiring to take their seats should come to the Table. And this time, correctly accompanied by two sponsors, in walked Dr. McIntyre. bowing frigidly. As someone remarked, he marched in like a lamb-whatever leonine qualities he may develop later. Having affirmed, and signed the book of Members, he announced, by way of a maiden speech, with the solemnity of a Sidney Carton on the very steps of the scaffold: "I do this under protest. It is the only way!"

But most of this speech (and all its dramatic effect) became drowned in a general cry of "Order!" and the lamb, wearing the expression of a wolf, shook hands with Mr. Speaker and went. Tradition had carried the day.

Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, always of a hopeful disposition, asked that



"Heard the news? Anti-flu inoculation for everybody. I'm afraid that means Britain."

M.P.s' salaries should be continued through the General Election, because, although Parliaments may come and Parliaments may go, correspondence goes on for ever.

But Mr. Churchill did not think this a sound idea.

The Premier went on to read a statement on Army Welfare in India and S.E.A.C. He mentioned, defensively, that the statement was long, and so it was. But nobody felt it was a second too long for those gallant men who (as Mr. Churchill put it) have never been a Forgotten Army, and whose constant victories ensure that they never will be.

Sir John Anderson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, then resumed the long process of piloting the Requisitioned Land Bill, and found a good many uncharted rocks and reefs in the deep sea of controversy surrounding this unpopular measure. Harbour is still a long way off.

Thursday, April 19th.—There were two happy events in the House of Commons to-day. The first was the arrival back of popular Mr. "JIMMIE" MAXTON, after a long illness. This produced the biggest cheer we had heard for months, and Mr. CHURCHILL

promptly crossed the floor to shake hands with and sit by the side of the man with whom he shares nothing but a fine humanity, a sense of humour and a warm regard for Parliament.

The second event was the announce-

ment by Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, that the black-out and the dim-out would in four days be at an end, except for a band five miles deep around the coast. It was a comforting glimpse of Peace.

## Spring in Tothill Street

PRING comes slowly to Tothill
Street.
No banners. No bugle call.
Three daffodils in a milk jug,
A shadow or two on the wall,

A shaft of sun in the passage
To bless the Government green,
A lovelier light on the ink stains
Where tired elbows lean.

The women who bend over blotters Can see with but inward eye Their faraway homes and gardens, The leaf on the bough, the sky,

The cherry that blows in the orchard,
The moss growing lush on the fell.
(There are typists with teeth typing
Memos

On the other side of the well.)

Mrs. Huxley may peer from her window

For banks where bluebells spill, She will find but a potted primrose On the Messenger's window-sill.

Miss Brassey who might be in Berkshire Miss Owen who should be in Wales, Rest their ears on the telephones And listen to sombre tales

Instead of birdsong at morning,
Or rill's song bubbling clean,
And lambs that have called to their
mothers
The long, long years between.

Spring comes slowly to Tothill Street.

It passes, unnoticed, each day.

The daffodils in the milk jug

Are dead. Throw them away. V. G.

#### What a Word!

VER-ALL" is the latest favourite-one of those sudden crops that one day do not exist and the next are everywhere. We hear of Eisenhower's "over-all plan", of "over-all problems", "the over-all picture", and even "the over-al lsituation". No particular harm, Bobby, except that it seems to mean nothing (except, sometimes, "general"), and that it does violence to a good and precise expression, "over-all", as applied to the length of a ship, meaning "including everything between the extreme points". The "over-all" length of a sailing-barge would include her bowsprit: her length for dock-work, when the bowsprit is "steeved up would be something different. height of Big Ben's clock is we forget what. The "over-all" height of the Tower is 320 feet. This means something. The "over-all plan" means no more than the plan; the "over-all situation" is nonsense.

Now that task-forces are the rage we suppose we shall soon read "The Pacific over-all Fleet consists of three main task-forces—and one mobile spear-head." Oh, dear, oh, dear!

Have a look at this letter, Bobby. It is from a firm of steamship agents and brokers in Northern Ireland, and is about the berthing and unloading of a ship.

DEAR SIR,

S.S."Moon"

We thank you for your letter of 14th inst., received this morning, and for which we are extremely obliged.

(The writer's great notion, as you will see, is brevity. He despises the unnecessary "the". Very well, but why that fatuous "and"?)

fatuous "and"?)

CONSIGNEES. We have advised local corresponding interests here. We have also promised them further neighbouring advices on nearer arrival position.

(What is a "neighbouring advice"? We cannot tell. But the last sentence means, we suppose: "We have also promised to keep in touch when the ship approaches port".)

ship approaches port".)
FREIGHT. We much appreciate advices in understanding.

(This, Bobby, baffles us.)
We will accordingly favor you with out-turn certificate per stevedores here, for Ministry of Supply. This is procedure in practice, covering said document.

(Why "favor you"? Why not just "send" it, Bobby? Observe, too, the

frantic speed and businesslike brevity of the last sentence, from which all "the's" are excluded. But we could be even briefer, Bobby, for it means, we guess, no more than "This is the usual practice".)

CHARTER. We are obliged for advice, and we await your kind promised copy, in course.

(Here again we are being so brisk and ruthless that we could not possibly say "in due course". "In course" is meaningless. But "in due course" is not much better. Why not scrap the lot?)

SAILING TELEGRAM. We will, no

SAILING TELEGRAM. We will, no doubt, also have from your good-selves on loading agents information such.

("Information such"? No, Bobby, don't ask us. This must be some Northern Irish dialect.)

FUTURE EMPLOYMENT. We are in touch with local representatives of Short Sea Committee in regard to this and hope to timely advise you prospects appertaining.

(What is all this about "advise"? you rightly ask, Bobby! Do they mean "advise"? No, they mean "inform". Then why not say so? We cannot tell.

What is the tragedy of this letter? It is that the author is trying hard to be concise and clear; and for every "the" he leaves out we bet he gives himself a gentle pat on the back. But it is not the little "the's" that cover the paper, Bobby, it is the ancient indestructible blocks of Businessese. And, of course, such chunks of original snobbery as "prospects appertaining".

To warrior favouring us with advice said letter we express appreciation according. He will receive Certificate Diploma in course.)

"Coventry is to be one of the first industrial areas to be 'dedesignated'..."—Coventry paper.

We have been asked to say what this expression means. We have no notion. The newspaper, which got the word, we gather, from the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, says that the news will "cause the greatest satisfaction in the city".

Well, anything that pleases brave

Well, anything 'that pleases brave Coventry pleases us. But "designate", Bobby, means to point out, indicate, specify. "De-designated" can only mean that the city is to be removed from notice, ignored, hushed up, which would surely not delight the citizens. The baffled leader-writer, determined to look on the bright side, says that this monster means "that preparations

for peace-time production will be accelerated".

Well, well, if it means all that it must be a good word.

#### IZE-WORDS

The Air Ministry, we hear, has produced a beauty. There are certain rules, in the construction of "establishments", for the replacing of R.A.F. men by members of the W.A.A.F. A note to one of these rules says:

"The above personnel are to be established in the workshops and Waafized when appropriate on a 100 per cent. 1 for 1 basis."

"Waafize", we take it, means to replace R.A.F. men by W.A.A.F.s, not very complimentary to the men (for it should mean, turning men into Waafs) and not a very elegant verb. We give it no marks whatever. And we share the fears of our correspondent that it may lead to worse things still, to "de-waafization", and "pre-waafization leave", and courses in "waafisties" and heaven knows what.

Note, too, Bobby, that when these severe, swift, practical men wish to express the simple thought "1 for 1", they must say it twice—100 per cent. and 1 for 1 (or do they mean that the replacement will be entirely 1 for 1? One cannot tell), and drag in the odious "on a — basis", which is wholly inappropriate here. If anything were needed it would be, surely, "in the ratio". But it isn't.

#### EXERCISE

So, Bobby, what would you and I have written instead of "and Waafized on a 100% I for I basis".

(28 characters).

Answer:
"and replaced by Waafs—1 for 1"
(23 characters).

In short, if people would think more of talking plain English and less of inventing mongrel speed-words, they would generally get there quicker.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

"The Project Engineer will focalize both the Design and Production aspects..."—Government Department.

A warrior asks us to comment on this piece of prose. It would be easier to do this if we had the faintest notion what the Project Engineer is going to do. "Both" is one difficulty. "Focalize", according to the O.E.D., means (1) to bring (rays of light, heat, etc.) to a focal point: to focus, or (2) to

adjust or arrange the focus (of the eye). ("Focus", by the way, has a queer history, Bobby. In Latin, as, of course, you know, it meant "hearth" or fireplace. It has had a complex career through astronomy ("burning-point"), geometry and what-not.)

Now, assuming that you can focalize an aspect, and not quarrelling, for the moment, with either word, we still do not see what the Project Engineer is up to. Is he going to bring the Design and Production aspects to two different focal points-or to the same focal point? "Both" suggests the formerprobability the latter. In other words, the Project Engineer will direct Design and Production to the common end. But now we suspect that the Department does not mean, "bring to a focal point", but "be the focus of" (which of course is too unsound, but there it is). If that is the correct interpretation, old chap, why don't we abandon -izewords and aspects, and say: "The Project Engineer will be the meetingpoint, link (common focus, if you insist) of Design and Production"?

And if we have got the whole thing cock-eye it's your fault for using silly ize-words.

What is all we hear "on the air" about "B.B.C. Reporter John Smith"? They do not introduce Ministers as "Prime Minister Churchill" or "President of the Board of Trade Hugh Dalton". Nor, thank goodness, do they talk about Playwright George Bernard Shaw, or Poet R. Kipling, as some of our beloved American papers do. True, we say King George and "Earl Lloyd George" and "Admiral Beatty". But does "B.B.C. Reporter" now count as a rank or title?

A headmaster wearily sends us a letter he has received from a Deputy Chief Constable:

"The new procedure will take effect as from Monday 4th October, and I should be grateful if you would be good enough to notify your staff with a request that the scholars may be informed to disseminate this information to their parents.

With anticipatory thanks, Yours faithfully,——"

No wonder the nation is short of paper! A. P. H.

0 0

"Riding at speed on their bicycles, dogs frequently chase the boys—and in some cases the owners think it is amusing."

Rhodesian paper.

Why, it must be downright funny.

### What I Should Do With Hitler.

NDER this title the Evening Standard has been publishing letters from its readers on a cordial topic. Some of them were reasonable enough: the suggestion, for example, that Hitler should be brought to trial with a German prosecutor (say, Thomas Mann), or examined by psychiatrists and, if pronounced mad, sent to a public asylum.

But other recommendations hit back at their writers. Especially I relished the argument that Hitler, who has never had to face the criticism of the common man, should be punished by laughter. "Laugh him off the face of the earth! Yours, etc." Suppose, though, the Fuehrer didn't see the joke (he probably wouldn't), and preferred to stay?

My own suggestion is far more drastic. Having captured Hitler, sound in wind and limb, make him travel third-class at night on the Hook-Harwich or Dieppe-Newhaven line. On our quayside he would be moved on by a constable and held for five or six hours at the Customs, with nothing but cold red tea to sustain him. Someone would have slipped a copy of Ulysses into his suitcase, which would be discovered at the last moment, causing scandal and further delay. Place in front of him then a portion of baked beans on watery burnt toast; should he flinch, this will be followed immediately by a double portion of victory pie, to be eaten crust and all.

Then the train journey to London. First evacuee children (one makes for his lap), then suburban wives with shopping-baskets, then a sprinkling of Civil Service hikers (the women fat, in shorts) pile in. High-voiced Civil Servant insists on having both windows open so that the rain (preferably snow) can blow healthily through the carriage. Pipe-smoker guggles under Hitler's nose, evacuee kid drops peppermint down his waistcoat. This has to be retrieved, child smacked; argument about the weather—"Is this the coldest June since 1770?"—enjoyed by all. Hitler is then offered a luncheonsausage sandwich, which he dare not refuse. He loses his ticket. Fuss at Victoria.

He is thereupon told to find himself a flat or a room in an hotel, and this will occupy him for three months, with leisure in the evenings for a tour of the London statues and frequent visits to farces and music-halls. He wears a bowler. He receives income-tax papers.

His day might begin at 7 A.M., when he would listen for three hours to the Forces Programme before lining up in a cafeteria—fill in the detail, though, yourself.

In brief my plan is to welcome Hitler to these shores as a fellow Englishman. If not dead at the end of six months he will be as English as we are, and we shall all be able to vote for him at the coming election.



"The switch-over from war-production was rather sudden."

#### At the Play

"LADY FROM EDINBURGH"
(PLAYHOUSE)
"THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER"
(ST. MARTIN'S)

The first of these plays banks on its charm, the second upon its plot. In Lady from Edinburgh Mrs. AIMÉE STUART and Mr. L. ARTHUR ROSE have written that rare thing of late years—a light domestic comedy in the traditional style. With its single set—

a Mayfair flat-its small cast, and its gentle everyday humours, the piece is likely to become an amateurs' joy. Contrari-wise, in The Shop at Sly Corner Mr. EDWARD PERCY puts his faith in plot and properties. A single scene, yes; but it must have a moving mantelpiece, a hidden furnace, two suits of armour, a Japanese netsuke, and a blowpipe and darts. This is no matter of a cheerful foray across the Border, but a complex exercise in ingenuity and artifice. Clues must be planted, ground prepared: the first act is an hour of intensive gardening.

At the Playhouse Christabel Mackay, who comes forth in triumph from the north, is never smothered by the story. When the dear charmer arrives in her sister's London flat she is merely an influence unwelcome and disruptive. By the end of the evening—less than a month later by stage time—she is the adored

Aunt Chrissie, prospective wife of a wander-witted professor. It is a simple anecdote, but it suffices.

The authors hold that any professor of anything (in this play, physics) must be—as they say in Cornwall—"tossed up in mist," a havering creature unable to knot his laces. At the same time he must be able to draw fifty thousand pounds (cash down) from the Government for this invention or that. Professor Daunty, primed with scientific theories of love, is Mr. RICHARD BIRD, a beaming, blundering teddy-bear who, with the lady from Edinburgh to help him, will head straight for the millionaire class. Daunty is taken from stock. So are

Christabel herself, her peevish relations, and the war-time maid to whom Miss ETHEL COLERIDGE gives a face dark with the gloom of earthquake and eclipse. The comedy gets through on its unfailing good temper. Its smile is childlike and bland; the authors provide a scatter of amusing lines and, for the rest, depend on lashings of char-r-rm. They owe much of course to Miss Sophie Stewart, a piece of Scottish delight. No need to shield sweet Christabel: she can guard herself. The actress, born near the Barrie country, has also explored it on the



INVENTIVE GENIUS HITS ON A PLAN FOR TWO.

Professor Daunty . . . . . . . . . Mr. Richard Bird
Christabel . . . . . . . . . . . Mrss Sophie Stewart

stage; when, in this comedy, Aunt Christabel changes to a second Maggie Wylie, we see what Scots charm can be. Miss Stewart bustles but never romps; her voice evokes a summer noon in Princes Street; and she remains unperturbed when the authors, who have introduced Christabel as meddling and managing, switch her suddenly to the soul of commonsense and tact. Another endearing personage is Chrissie's irritable brother-in-law, all fiddlestrings and wire. Mr. HENRY HEWITT is a great hand at these twitching tantrums: in his own line -a ratepayer upon the rack-he is master of the drolls, and he needs a longer part.

The St. Martin's piece is much more elaborate. Although the plot, like the shop, is over-furnished, Mr. Percy is a craftsman with a conscience: his play excels either of London's most recent thrillers. If you are in the mood for an evening at Crookery Nook (off Sinister Street), with a little blackmail, a murder, and some police work, this is a profitable appointment with fear. Do not be put off by a slow first act in which the author keeps grinly to the build-up and his Alsatian shop-keeper (played in the big bow-wow manner by Mr. Keneth Kent)

y Mr. Keneth Kent) obliges with sections of autobiography.

The shop is in a queer corner of South London. Its owner, one Heiss, a receiver and re-setter, keeps his furnace behind an ornate sham of a mantelpiece. Outwardly he is an antique dealer; the family is ignorant of his fencing. When an assistant (Mr. JOHN CAROL), a slippery young man, eavesdrops, takes a high degree as a blackmailer, and aspires to be *Heiss's* son-in-law, the old man puffs poisoned darts at him. Later there is a minute's efficient throttling. So to a third act, another shred of autobiography, and the most urbane detective-inspector in the force.

These second and third acts are soundly theatrical, less talkative than the first, and cunningly sewn together, though we want to know more of the mental processes of Detective - Inspector Eliot (acted coolly by Mr. DERYCK GUYLER). Mr. KENT has to carry the

play. It is a florid, lavish performance, effective while it lasts. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt bears the woes of Aunt Mathilde—how different from the home life of dear Aunt Christabel!—Mr. Carol's blackmailer has a sleekly insolent smile, and Miss Victoria Hopper, daughter of the shop, is a moth of peace. Now and again a charwoman enters, garrulously sober or garrulously drunk. The part is dismal, but Miss Ada Reeve (ray of rays, char of chars) can make an adornment of it. Similarly, Mr. Ernest Jay loses none of the few chances afforded him as an anxious client—"under the counter" business only.

# This for Remembrance

OW I shall treasure in the years to come the memory of perfect spring days such as The school has been so rich in architectural character and archaic background that I have been proud to show people over it.

No, I have not been at the school; but I have been attending here longer than many boys did . . . five years at least. And to-morrow we are to hand the building back. It is an affecting

moment.

I wish now that I had done something in my time by which to be commemorated, so that generations who come here afterwards will quote my name, and wonder if there ever really were such a person, and if so what I did. A window could be called after me (because I broke it) and they need never know I was only a chap who took up residence during the war, and came to the office every day in khaki.

But it is so hard to ensure remembrance without being a copycat. No use wondering if in ten years' time they will know whether I was a batsman or a bowler. I don't even know that now. I ought to have thought of something like Deacon's Drive, which is the "carry" from the cricket pitch to a clump of trees into which said Deacon would often clout the ball.

Or Beagle's Way, which is a route by which a past and portly headmaster used to take his daily constitutional, so precisely that you could set your watch by the time he passed.

I think I would rather like to haunt the school, but I could not do that till I am dead, so I would never hear the result. Of course if other people could be relied upon they would erect a memorial to me without being memorial to me without being prompted. It would be better than nothing if each merely took a stone and added it to a pile as he passed out of the main gate for the last time, thus building me a cairn. Or each could fill a bucket and pour his contribution of water respectfully into a hole, making in this way a famous well; a nice deep one might be known as My Dive, even if I had never dived into it. And if it were impossible to dive in anyway it would mean that I had been off my chump and had con-structed something batty. There are in various parts of the country many lofty buildings known as So-and-So's Folly, because they have no windows, or no stairs or something.

Unfortunately my name does not

lend itself at all well to this kind of thing, being the simple one of Smith. One of my more sensitive uncles overcame this handicap during his life by calling himself "Le Smith." And I could, I suppose, have gone one better by recording my name as Signor Le Smith, or Signor Karl Le Smith, though it is difficult to know what country's flag I should, in that case, hang out on Armistice Day. I should have come, I suppose, from Cincinnati.

I had another relation who became noteworthy in his own small circle by going to watch games in the costume of a participant. He attended big football matches in shorts (and bony blue knees) whatever the weather, and he went to the Boat Race carrying an oar under his arm, to the annoyance of other people on the tow-path. He watched ice hockey wearing knee-pads, and even went so far as to turn up to a big fight with a bleeding nose. It is possible I should have achieved my object had I taken Orderly Room here in a school cap.

It is at this point that a voice is heard behind me: "Well, sir, this place won't seem the same without you."

I turn with a quick lump in the throat. It is the assistant groundsman. What a happy compliment, and what a coincidence! He will never be chief groundsman of course. He is too happy at his work and he even thinks his pay both generous and sufficient.

Sometimes he can be seen walking along country lánes with a long cane and a tin, looking for wasp-nests round which he can drop something out of his tin. Or he will go round the cricket-field spiking the turf with a pointed stick and injecting weeds with poison. He keeps pigeons, a tortoise, and an unusual kind of watch-dog which takes not the slightest notice of any stranger but will bite the assistant groundsman whenever it sees him.

He has a lot of hair growing out of his ears, nose, and neck, but none on

top of his head.

"No," he repeats, with emphasis, "the place won't seem the same."

I listen with glowing interest, although I do not like to reflect how often I have heard him, during the summer, when our people were playing cricket, pause by one of us to say:

"Was that you a-batting, sir, a

quarter arter three, when the hundred went up? You was at the other end. against that curly left-hander." If the impeachment was admitted he would go on: "I knew it. There bean't another gentleman in the place with your strokes, sir, and I says so to the Colonel. He wasn't sure it was you, but I said there wasn't a doubt about it. 'You can't mistake his strokes,

sir,' I said. 'He's got 'em all.'"
"Deacon's Drive," he now ironically remarks, replying to a wistful observa-tion of my own. "Aye, I remember Deacon, but what good has he done to the school? He may be in the workhouse now, for all I know. I'd rather be a gentleman like you, sir: I shall remember you without no Drive, no painting in the 'all, or nothin'."

I rise and look around me, trying not to agree with him too speedily. We are packed up. By evening the lorries will be loaded; to-morrow the assistant groundsman will be looking round a deserted kingdom, which will look like the school in holiday time.

One hand is deep in my trouser pocket, where it fumbles eagerly. With the other I am detaining

"Aye," he continues, watching me out of the corner of his eye, "often we shall say to the boys: 'That was shall say to the boys: 'That was Captain Smith's year.' That will mean more to us than any Deacon's Drive,

I have not enough change. I hunt in my pocket book for treasury notes.

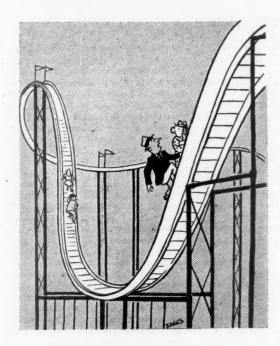
"I wanted to tell you before you left, sir," he goes on, "you'll be remembered long after all the old boys are forgotten. 'Captain Smith,' I shall say, 'he was a Proper Gentleman now, if you like.' . . . Oh, thank you, thank you, very much, sir, thank you.'

And now another fool is going to be remembered, purely by his Folly. Why do we do these things?

Roll Up That Map! "Poles are Seven Miles from NORTH SEA' Heading in "Evening Standard."

"DETACHED PRIVATE HOTEL, excellently situated near Torquay Sea Front. Practi-cally on the level."—Devonshire paper. No references needed, then?

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Won't it be a red-letter day when they can run cars on them again?"

#### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### The Polish Underground Movement

Story of a Secret State (Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6) is an account of the Polish Underground movement by one of its leaders, Mr. JAN KARSKI. Having within the first three months of the war escaped first from the Russians and then from the Germans, he looked about for some means of continuing the struggle, in the conviction that other nations may be oppressed and dominated after losing a war; Poland is likely to be destroyed, its land divided, and an attempt made to destroy its very language and way of life." Although his account of the underground movement includes the extremes of human courage and cruelty, it is free from emotionalism and melodrama, and written with a detachment that is especially impressive when he is recording his two interviews, each of which ended in torture, with officials of the Gestapo. The first official, an extraordinarily fat man whose "flesh seemed to have been smoothly moulded from a single, uniformly rich substance," took an unadulterated delight in cruelty. The second, an extraordinarily handsome young man, poured out the whole story of his life to Mr. KARSKI, disclosed his adoration of Baldur von Schirach, the leader of the Nazi youth movement, and his anguish when another youth displaced him in Schirach's favour, and then suddenly, when Mr. KARSKI refused to admit his connection with the underground movement, slashed him across the face with a riding-whip and left him to the attentions of two Gestapo guards. Women, Mr. KARSKI says, were on the whole better at underground work than men. They found it easier to be inconspicuous, were less prone to exaggeration

and bluff, and more willing to face reality. Men, on the other hand, were subconsciously inclined to surround themselves with an air of mystery which sooner or later proved fatal. The most horrible of all Mr. Karski's experiences was at the Jewish death camp near the town of Belzec. Disguised as an Estonian guard, he was in little personal danger, but the recollection of what he saw there was perhaps uppermost in his mind when he said to General Sikorski, at their meeting in London—"I shall not forget... nor will my children and their children." The General replied, a little ruefully, Mr. Karski says—"I see, you are one of those who do not forgive." From London, where he met a number of prominent men, the author went to the States, where he had a talk with President Roosevelt, whose wide knowledge of the Polish struggle and deep admiration of the only country without a quisling revived his spirits and renewed his dwindling hopes.

#### **Uneasy Light**

There are many snatches of enchantment and good sense in The Journal of Mary Hervey Russell (MACMILLAN, 10/6); but when Miss Storm Jameson's heroine herself maintains that she has "too much alloy in her metal" she has hit the nail on the head. She strikes one as having little notion which of her entries are gold and which are amalgamher touchstones, if any, are her own. The pre-war years characteristically produce some rather unpractical notes on the nature of art, which the diarist oddly conceives as the result of the mind's "detaching things from itself." But concurrently with such musings there are intimate vistas of Europe: of France, rendered with nostalgic grace; of Prague, Vienna, Budapest, pre-Hitler Berlin; and of England, with inset portraits of fellow-authors. The war produces an admirable letter drafted for the members of an international writers' club, stating that "a war which . . . may last five years will certainly poison us," and stressing the special power of every writer to serve or corrupt civilization. A precise awareness of all that creative workers owe to freedom permeates the diary of the war-years; the diarist's head is kept well above water; and her sense of beauty is, if anything, strengthened by her increased sense of responsibility and purpose.

#### Flying Visits

Such phrases as "bird's-eye view" and "flying visits" have acquired nowadays a literal meaning unthought of when they were first coined, a fact which is strikingly brought out in Mr. John Pudney's World Still There (Hollis and Carter, 6/-), recording his impressions of places visited and things seen in the course of his journeys by air to widely separated corners of the earth. So far as actual passages by air are concerned, he notes what he aptly terms "eyes' indigestion," a certain inability on the part of the airborne traveller to take in the bird's-eye view presented to him, and a consequent tendency to take refuge in reading or sleep, with, on the ground, "much curiosity and a capacity for infinite small surprises." Among the latter may be mentioned the little black boys at Accra practising aircraft recognition as they frolicked in the surf, a boom in watches in Brazil, a clip-joint in Miami, Labrador, where "pioneering still lives" among such names as "Run by Guess Narrows" and "Tumbledown Dick'sland," an elevator strike in New York and a gift of lemons in North Africa. Finally, there is a chapter about France after D-Day, a glimpse of the World of Europe "still there" after the long years of tribulation. Mr. Pudney's impressions are, frankly, impressions and

no more, as those gained on "flying visits" must needs be; but they are everywhere clear-cut, vigorous and expressed with that sense of the value of words which goes to make up the genuine "poet's prose."

C. F. S.

#### Lurid Past of a Farmer

"Deferred adolescence" was pronounced by a shrewd friend to lurk behind the post-last-war malaise described by Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON in The Sun in the Sands (FABER, 8/6). This strip of autobiography was written in 1924 and should have an acute topical interest when the next batch of disintegrated youth returns to what is left of its homes. The author was kicked out of his by a sore and angry father after a year's trial, just as he was about to become "an author among authors." Realizing that a spell of solitude was desirable, he retreated to a Devonshire cottage, having unluckily encumbered himself with another evicted son, a "poet," a poseur and a drunkard. The trouble with both of them was that though they made a point of flouting society, they were extremely put out when society flouted them—a common flaw in the progressive attitude. (Mary Shelley, one remembers, felt the same about the English colony in Italy.) The fact that Mr. WILLIAMSON can afford to look back from the vantage of his Norfolk farm on the slough of despond so sensitively depicted here is one no reader should forget. A back number has its value, but it is ten times more valuable as a prelude to its sequel. H. P. E.

#### Clare Sheridan

Although never a commercial success, for which, she says, she to some extent blames her Karma, Mrs. Clare SHERIDAN is well known both as a writer and for her portrait busts of Lenin, Trotzky, Gandhi and other famous men. During the war she has been living at Brede, in Sussex, and My Crowded Sanctuary (METHUEN, 12/6) is her lively, vigorous, disconnected record of this period. There is much spirit communication in the book, and many references to her former lives on earth. It is well known that the gift of remembering previous incarnations is bestowed only on persons whose previous incarnations are gratifying to remember, and has mercifully been denied to those whose past holds nothing more intriguing than the career of, say, a bespoke tailor in South Shields or a sanitary inspector in the Pas de Calais. Mrs. Sheridan has been a lovely flower-girl in ancient Rome, and has been adored by the most beautiful, the most faithless and the most glamorous man in ancient Greece; and although she claims that in her present life she has reached what Hindu sages call the third and final phase, the phase of Contemplation, the general impression left by this book is that her serenity is of a precarious kind, and thrives best in solitude. Probably neither Francis of Assisi nor Buddha would have suspected how much he meant to Mrs. Sheridan, had he watched the Battle of Brede, which, while the Battle of Britain was being waged overhead, was being no less tenaciously waged below between Mrs. Sheridan and the various units of the British Army that from time to time invaded her property.

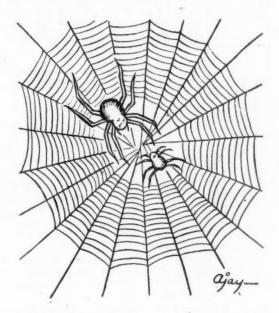
#### Clowns in Clover

Mr. James Agate has completed the trinity of books which, for generations unborn, will map the London stage of 1920 to 1943. *Immoment Toys* (Cape, 12/6) now covers the gallimaufry of light entertainment. Mr. Agate, we surmise, goes grieving to musical comedy—which can be

his idea of a phantasma or a hideous dream—more hopefully to revue, buoyantly to pantomime, and with a connoisseur's relish to the music-hall, that great stage of fools. His thumb may be up or down, but his notice will be wittily discursive, wittily allusive, wittily exasperating, and likely to overtake a "prodigious number of fine things by the way. In this book, more of the author's Sunday best, we find his royalty of phrase-Mr. Henson's eyes can bulge "like those of a moth which has eaten too much tapestry"-his readiness with salute or swashing blow, his abundant allusiveness (Gautier, Amanda Ros, Milton, someone called Népomucène Lemercier), his moving farewells (that to Marie Lloyd must ever be an anthology piece), his eye for a clown's quiddity. On the unlikeliest occasion he is eager for a frisk. Were it not so, English criticism would be the poorer.

#### Happy Journey

Mr. A. F. TSCHIFFELY is as companionable as ever in This Way Southward (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 10/6), the account of a journey through Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, which is dedicated to his (and our) old Patagonian friends, "Mancha" and "Gato," the two horses to whom we owe so much of another great story of a ten-thousandmile ride. This time the author travelled mostly by car, though he crossed Lake Argentino in a tiny steamer that "tossed about like a cork in a pan of boiling water," and went to Tierra del Fuego by a plane whose pilot gave demonstrations of "blind" flying on the way. Some of the car drives were even more tricky, and the story of a forced dash over a holed and collapsing bridge across a chasm makes dizzy reading. The long narrative is written so confidingly as to make one feel one is sharing in each experience-hearing the stories of murderers turned police, learning native maxims (for instance, a man must not eat too much or he will grow fat and lazy, but a woman should be fat as proof that her husband is a great hunter) and observing birds and wild creatures in the company of one who loves and understands them.



"Did I ever tell you about King Spider and the Bruce?"



## Brussels Nocturne

ES, this is Brussels. It was rash to crown A large "glace Monty" with a chrome éclair. Now, somewhat thoughtfully, I wander down The street called Montagne-aux-Herbes-Potagères (Henceforth my first and favourite thoroughfare—I shall be murmuring the name all night). This ciné shows "Miss Ba." But have a care—I think it is "The Barretts." I am right. "All Vehicles Parked Here Will Be Impounded"—The words loom through the moonlight, cold, malign. Under the street I hear a banjo strumming. I am not ill; the rumour is unfounded. I press my lift-bell, and a lighted sign Declares "Je viens, lift komt, lift kommt, car coming."

## A Group-Portrait

T was my Cox'n who suggested it would be a good idea for the ship's company to be photographed

in a group.

"Give the lads something to remember the old ship by," said the Cox'n with unwonted sentimentality. I have heard the Cox'n, in moments of mental stress, call our craft a number of different old objects, but never before a ship. Nor had he previously ever expressed any wish to remember her. (I later discovered from my Signalman that the Cox'n, who was newlyengaged, wished to impress on his affianced that he really did have a crew to work under him, she apparently holding a feminine belief that he was the sort of Cox'n who stands in the sternsheets and holds the tiller.)

I agreed that it would be a good idea. (My wife has always treated with scepticism my claim to have an officer junior to myself under my command.) The First Lieutenant thought it would be a good idea. (He had just shipped his first ring, having passed out of the tadpole, or

midshipman, stage.)

I besought and obtained permission for an approved photographer to board us. I had rather expected it would be stipulated that I should lead him on board blindfolded, but he needed only a chit from myself, and a day was fixed—the following Wednesday, at the earnest request of young A.B. Short, who habitually shaves himself on a Tuesday, and who did not wish to upset the routine.

The preparations were terrific. Fortunately, we had just got our monthly issue of pusser's soap on board—one pound to each man—and for the whole of the preceding Monday an honestly-kept log-book would have noted, "Hands employed in dhobi-ing." The ship was then garlanded with fair linen hung out to dry. You could hardly walk a step without ducking your head. Several rude signals about our display were made by neighbours, one craft affecting to believe that we were advertising surrender, and another informing us that it was an effective hoist but the flags were too faded to read. Our chummy-ship pretended to mistake us for a tall-ship under full sail. And even our Flotilla Officera joyless man permanently soured and embittered by continual contact with Tank Landing Craft—so far unbent as to suggest that we ought to get more ropes out ashore, or else we should take off when the wind got up.

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Tuesday saw a run on my electric iron. It was in such unceasing use that the friction alone would have kept it heated.

When Wednesday came the whole crew were up at what they call "crack of lark," and quarrelling vehemently for possession of the washbasins. It is safe to say that that photographer was having a better effect on my crew, as far as smartness went, than any admiral who ever inspected us. After breakfast everybody was beautifully clean and shaven, and they were able to devote themselves to getting dressed.

Number Ones, with gold badges, were taken reverently out of lockers and donned. The procedure for insertion into trousers without imperilling the perfection of the seven horizontal creases in the legs was both complicated and aerobatic. It involved two picked men holding the trousers agape, while the owner of the trousers hung from the hammock-bars, took a sight, and dropped into them. A.B. Blue, the cook, made so many bad shots—he explained that he had no head for heights—that he had to come up to my cabin in his pants and urgently beg a second loan of the iron.

By half-past ten the entire ship's company was dressed. The photographer was due at three o'clock.

At a quarter to eleven I went persuasively down on to the mess-deck with a few suggestions for toil. They were sitting primly around on benches with their hands folded. Wilson, the Leading Stoker, was the only one smoking, and he had a handkerchief over his knees.

I broached my mission.
"Work, sir?" said the Cox'n, scandalized. "Why, the boys is all in their Number Ones!"

"Couldn't they wear their overalls?" The looks of horror and censure united on me drove me up the steel ladder and back into the cabin.

Here I found Number One putting on a succession of clean collars and driving himself slowly mad. In a fatal moment he had inspected himself in the glass and decided that his collar was slightly crumpled. Thereafter every collar he had tried on seemed crumpled. He had now reached the pitch of recognizing that he did not possess such a thing as an uncrumpled collar, and his one concern was to discover the least crumpled of all his collars.

Just for something to do I got out the vaseline and gave my cap peak a bit of a polish. While I was having another go at my shoes I noticed the clock

"Dinner's very late," I observed.
"Whassay?" inquired a muffled voice from a mound of collars.

I left him to it and went out on deck. "Below!" I shouted down the hatch. "What about dinner?

"Dinner, sir?" said the Cox'n. appearing below and looking up at me. "Was you expecting dinner?"

"Of course I'm expecting dinner! Why isn't it ready?"

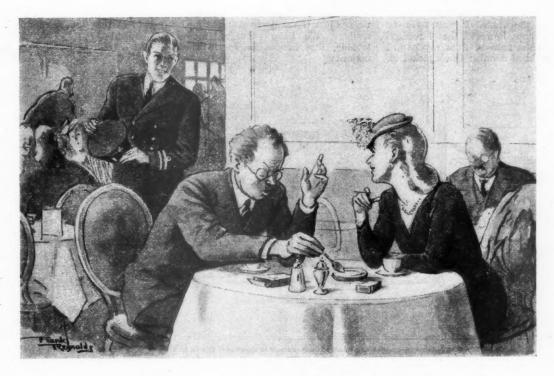
"Who's to cook it?"

"The cook of course-Blue."

"In his Number Ones, sir?" asked the Cox'n, thrillingly.

We found a tin of corned-dog in the cupboard and Number One and I lunched off that. I then took off my jacket and folded it respectfully, laid it tenderly on Number One's bunk, and composed myself for a nap, being lulled off to sleep by the restful hwish-hwish of Number One brushing his hair.

At three o'clock Number One tweaked my toe and said everybody was waiting for me. I jumped up,



"Now here's where the Navy get their chance."

quickly finished dressing, and went The crew was standing stiffly assembled in the tank hold.

"We'll need a couple of benches for

the front row," said the photographer. Everybody looked at everybody else. In the end the photographer fetched them himself out of the Army shelter. He grouped us prettily, with myself and Number One in the middle, flanked by the Cox'n and the Motor Mechanic. The Leading Stoker and the Stand-by Cox'n filled the wingpositions. The remainder took station astern, despite A.B. Short's impassioned discovery that, thus situated, he need never have gone to the trouble of pressing his trousers at all.

"Now!" adjured the photographer. We were deathly still. Our smirks froze on our faces. Number One afterwards observed that he had even seen more noticeable movement among the crew when they were working. The man made three exposures, and we didn't twitch a muscle. We even managed to ignore the interruption caused by a craft that wanted to come alongside, and actually expected us to take a line from her. She lay off for a while, waxing more and more sarcastic through her loud-hailer, and finally sheered off and found a berth elsewhere.

The photographs came out extremely well, on the whole. It wasn't till the proofs came, however, that I realized that, when aroused from my nap, I had grabbed Number One's jacket off his bunk instead of my own. He swore he hadn't moved mine-much-and that he didn't notice the exchange himself. As though a man wouldn't notice if he suddenly found himself wearing two rings!

So my wife still does not believe I have a junior officer under my

# Fraternization

Sentiment

ILOT, did you mayhaps drop some photography just now on the wine room floor? No? What a curious affair. For only see what I have lifted off the carpet. It is pictures of the Black Forest. How delicious are the vistas.

Pilot, do not turn away, I beg pardon. Such pretty pictures are these, it stirs one to be thankful of photography. Look, here are mountains with snow perched on the summit, all part of the Reich.

Pilot, are you not then interested in scenic glories among us? Well then, what about humanity itself? See this picture of my aunt. What a well-bred woman and such cunning cookery. No doubt you have many aunts yourself?

How nice! You see, we Germans, we are just the same as you and me, We have relations, most lovable, like human beings in the majority.

Your bill, pilot? It will be added together in moments. But do not hurry off without sparing glances at the photography of my children, the dear little nippers.

What? You do not want? Can you be not interested in innocent nippers? See only then the baby. How he smiles at you. Could he not be from England, Scotland, Wales, Britain or Northern Ireland?

What? You say yes? Yes, he could be? Nice fat nipper, eh? Podgy, plumpy. Oh. So well we get on. How much you have understanding,

What do you mean the baby is obviously not from German occupied territories, far too fat is he?

Pilot, why do you ask, is he a HERREN-baby?

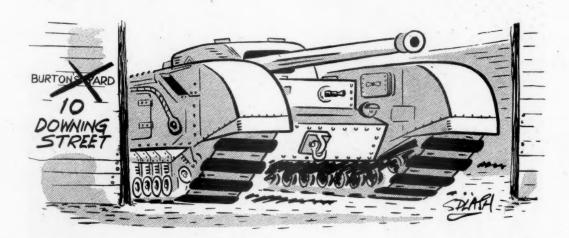
Pilot . . . aber Herren-Bube . . . ich verstehe nicht.

#### Dreams

- WISH that I could dream delightful dreams
- Of taxi-drivers coyly seeking fares, Of half-filled buses rolling up in
- streams,
- Or cheery shopkeepers with ample wares;

Instead of this, my dreams ne'er go beyond

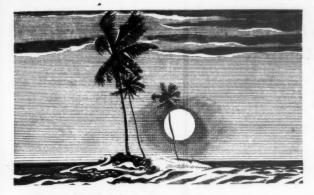
Missing a train or falling in a pond. A. W. B.



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> -- private drive? or cart-track?

> > After five years without repairs

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President Roosevelt in his report to Congress on reverse Lend-Lease. Nov. 24. 1944.



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M.S.I

# WHY CAN'T WE MIND OUR OWN BUSIN

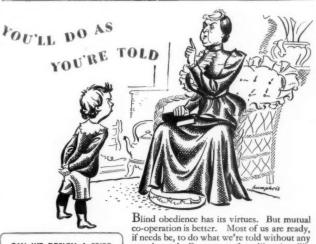
NOTHING WORRIES the

people in our belting department
more than getting an order from
a new customer without any
indication of what the belting is needed for. In these cases their policy
is to try and make sure that what the customer gets is what he really needs and
frequently they find that after looking into things they're able to recommend a
belt more suitable for the purpose. Once in a while they come across somebody
who wants to know what it's got to do with them, but if they get a few rebuffs
they also make a lot of friends. Can they make a friend of you?

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# the desert, to the mud and rain of Northern Italy...

Friendly comment from a Gunner Captain with the C.M.F., Dec. 15, '44

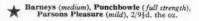
"For a number of years, I have been a regular smoker of your Punchbowle Mixture. We have now been Overseas for nearly four years, but whatever the circumstances.

from the heat and dust of the desert to the mud and rain of Northern Italy

I have always relied on Barneys to help me to forget my immediate discomforts and to provide one of those rare luxuries which mean so much to us on Active Service."

(The original letter may be inspected at The Barneys Bureau, 24 Holborn, E.C.1.)







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